

Two Poets of the Peasantry

67

better in Hesiod than these signs given to
the farmer by
fowl and beast and tree:

! TOTTPCOTOV, OC70V T*

lyvos hroirjaev, T6craov rr^raX* dv5pl 9ocveii]

When first the topmost leaves upon the fig
Open as wide as the footprints of a crow . .

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c&prj . . .

When the wild artichoke flowers, and the
shrill cicada
Perched on his tree pours down his piercing
song
From wings a-quiver, in summer's toilsome
time . . .

dAA* 6-rr6T* ov 9EpfoiKo\$ drr6

When up green stalks climbs the House-
carrier
To shelter from the sultry Pleiades . . .

7jno\$ K6xKv£ KOKKO^si 5pv6\$ iv TTsrcScAoicn
TO-rrpcToV T^pirgi T6 ^poToOs ^TT* ocTTefpovcc yaToCv,
Ooi Tphcp fjnorn, ^6*

When 'cuckoo!' cries the cuckoo from the
oak,
Gladdening men's hearts through all the
endless earth,
On the third day let God give rain, nor
cease
Until it fills, not more, a bullock's footprint

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6rri pot sOocvdeas <5AAoi lx^{ou<Tlv} dypoOs,
006^ UOt -flufoVOI KIT9COV' !XKOUc71V dp6TpOU;
TTIS iJidAcc [JitoT]Tiis etvexa vocuriXiris.

I heard, O Polypaides, I heard die bird's shrill
crying,

That comes to tell the tiller that time has come
to plough;
And it stabbed the heart within me, to think my
lands were lying,

My own fair fields, in keeping of other
masters now;
That no team of mine is straining against
the yoke today,
Because by its cursed pilots our city's cast
away.

The misery of the unemployed is nothing new.